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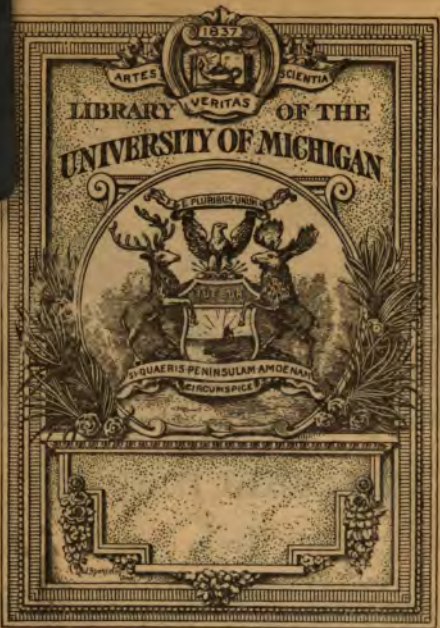
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REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIALS,

EMBRACING

P O E M S

BY THE REV. WHEELER CASE,

PUBLISHED IN 1778,

AND

A N A P P E N D I X,

CONTAINING

General Burgoyne's Proclamation, (in burlesque,) dated
June 23, 1777—A late Authentic Account of the Death
of Miss Jane M'Crea—The American Hero, a
Sapphic Ode, by Nat. Niles, A.M., etc.

EDITED BY

THE REV. STEPHEN DODD,

OF EAST HAVEN, CT.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY M. W. DODD,

BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

1852.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852,

BY M. W. DODD,

In the Clerk's Office, for the Southern District of New York.

EDITOR'S PREFACE



THE original edition of these Poems was anonymous, and the copy of the edition before me is without Title Page or Preface. Having in my youth seen a copy, I had occasion to mention the circumstance to a class-mate, in college, (Walter Case, of Newburgh,) and expressing my regret that I could not find a copy, nor learn the name of the Author of the Poems, he promptly replied, "My father was the author." This was about the year 1797; and this was also the conclusion of the inquiry at that time, about the Poems. Twenty years afterwards, 1817, I found the pamphlet among some cast-off books and papers in a garret, but worn and mutilated, so as to be too imperfect for the press. However, in September last I found an entire copy of a previous edition, except the two last pages, which enables me to prepare a copy for the press. By filling up the lines in the two defective pages, I have endeavored to express the ideas and meaning of the Author. The words inserted are inclosed in brackets. I am persuaded that this precious relic of that fearful

period when men's principles were tested, will be acceptable to the patriotic community.

Having ascertained the Author, I have inserted in the Title Page, the name of the Rev. WHITFIELD CASE. He was the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, New York.

Several historical matters are added by way of Appendix, to illustrate some particulars suggested by the Poet, and the sufferings of the people in the Revolutionary War.

THE EDITOR.

Nov. 1, 1851.

P O E M S ,

OCCASIONED BY

SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES AND OCCURRENCES

IN THE

PRESENT GRAND CONTEST

OF

A M E R I C A

FOR

LIBERTY.

BY THE REV. WHEELER CASE,

OF DUTCHESS-COUNTY, N. Y.

NEW HAVEN:

PRINTED BY THO. AND SAMUEL GREEN.

1778.

P R E F A C E.

SOME of the following pieces the author composed for a little amusement, without any thought of printing them. Others he composed with a design to print, if it should be thought that they had even the least tendency to promote the glorious cause of liberty. When taking a view of the whole, he entertained a hope that they might contribute a little towards promoting the noble cause, and so concluded to print them. If the friends of liberty should be of the same mind with him, he hopes they will be good enough to excuse practical errors, as he had never made the art of poetry his study. As for others he is not concerned about them, being persuaded the time is drawing nigh, when they will be fully convinced that Liberty is better than Slavery, and independency is much better than living dependent upon a Prince, who chooses that they should live no longer than during his pleasure, or submit to abject Slavery. And being thus convinced, they will not only excuse errors of this kind, but will bless even those that cast but their one mite into the Treasury.

THE AUTHOR.

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P O E M S .

P O E M S .

*A contest between the EAGLE and the CRANE.
Composed February, 1776.*

THE morning all serene, the weather fair,
I walk'd abroad to take the pleasant air,
As I pursued my walk, and rais'd my eye,
I saw an Eagle soaring towards the sky,
He spread his wings, and skimm'd along with ease,
Like a swift ship that's sailing o'er the seas :
With *Agur* I was struck, with great surprise,
To see him form his circles in the skies ;
From his exalted sphere he now with pride,
Look'd scornful down on every bird beside.
From this proud bird I turn'd my eyes around,
And saw a Crane upon a marshy ground ;
She had no ill design, no ill she fear'd,
No proud or haughty airs in her appear'd,
In a defenceless state alone she stood,
Her time employed in picking up her food ;
'Till from aloft the Eagle swiftly flies,—
As lightning quick he darted from the skies,
And struck her down : There on her back she lies.
Severe and sudden was the dire arrest,
His crooked talons planted in her breast,

I thought for quarters she aloud would cry,
Or else, it seem'd she certainly must die.
No timid cry I hear, no plaint of woe,
She is resolv'd to die or kill her foe.
Resentment doth her injured breast inspire,
With dauntless courage and a martial fire :
The little champion boldly rais'd her head
From off the ground where she before had fed ;
Her bill now pierc'd his throat, nor fears the Crane,
She sucks the Eagle's blood from every vein ;
He droops his wings ; all languid are his eyes,
He'll die unless he quits his hold and flies.



A LIVELY, striking emblem here you see
Of George the Third and sons of Liberty.
This haughty Prince, when he began to reign,
Did great exploits, defeated *France* and *Spain*.
His heart with pride was swell'd and lifted high,
He soar'd aloft like the Eagle in the sky.
From exalted height he now look'd down,
With pride and scorn on all the kingdoms round.
Not high enough, ambitious to be great,
Sagely consults his minister of State :
Betwixt them both and with the Devil's aid,
The horrid scheme is form'd, the plan is laid,
Millions of free-born subjects to enslave,
And fix the yoke of bondage on the brave :
To bow their necks beneath this iron yoke,
They threaten death, and aim the fatal stroke.

Their fleets with troops are hovering on the shore,
 With sword unsheath'd, and awful cannon's roar.
 Like the fierce Eagle darting from the skies ;
 Strikes down America, prostrate she lies :
 Good Heavens ! said I, how sudden the arrest,
 With glittering sword all pointed at their breast :
 My heart was smote with grief, Alas ! said I,
 They'll lose their freedom and their property :
 Their souls too great ! they know not how to yield,
 To cry for quarter, or to quit the field ;
 Freedom's too dear to lose ; in this grand strife,
 They'll risk their all, their treasure and their life.
 A manly courage in their bosom glows,
 Fearless they meet their most tremendous foes.
 With keen resentment now they raise their head,
 Rush to the fight and strike the Britons dead.
 These with tormenting anguish feel the *bill*,
 Witness the blood that drench'd all Bunker-hill.
 On this bless'd land, true liberty shall reign,
 While *Britain's Slaves* despair and bite their chain,
 The Lord's your shield, *Americans* fear not,
 Your *bill* has pierc'd the lofty Eagle's throat ;
 The proud, imperious Prince now feels his pains,
 While fainting Britain bleeds thro' all her veins.
 Heart-sick—she groans—we soon shall see her end,
 Unless she spreads her wings, and flies before the wind.

A Dialogue between Col. PAINE and Miss CLORINDA FAIRCHILD, when taking leave of her to go on the northern expedition.

Col. Paine. I'M come to let my dear *Clorinda* know,
My bleeding country calls, and I must go,
Distress'd it calls aloud, to arms, to arms ;
The trumpet sounds, I now must leave your charms ;
I've drawn my sword, I'll go forth with the brave,
And die a freeman, ere I live a slave.

Clo. Good Heavens ! can this be true ? can it be so ?
You pierce my heart, I'm overwhelm'd with woe.
Is this your love, is this the kind return,
To win my heart, and leave me thus to mourn ?
Oh should you fall a victim there to death,
I can't survive, I must resign my breath.

Paine. My dear *Clorain*, forbear to weep, forbear ;
I trust my life to God's paternal care ;
He will protect the men whose cause is just,
And in the God of armies put their trust.
We'll boldly go and smite those rebels dead, }
Who dare oppose our *Continental Head* ; }
Then I'll return and my *Clorinda* wed.

Clo. If naught your mind will change, then take the field,
Go play 'the man, and *Heaven* be your shield.

Go forth and act the hero, crush our foes,
 Who slav'ry love, and liberty oppose. .
 May liberty's brave sons the triumph spread,
 Put all their foes to flight, or view them dead.
 Should Heaven, propitious, our good cause maintain,
 And our brave troops with you victorious reign :
 Then cheerfully with them we'll victory sing,
 And join with them in praise to Zion's King.
 With what transporting joy I'd then receive
 That dearest man with whom I wish to live.
 But oh ! the cruel fate of war—

Paine. My dear *Clorain*, forbear. we now must part,
 Adieu, my love—but oh ! my bleeding heart.

This said, the tears flow'd from her eyes,
 Her cheeks all pale spread o'er ;
 Each other they embrace with sighs,
 'Till they could weep no more.

* * *

Clo. Farewell, my dear, farewell, dear *Col. Paine*,
 Heaven be your guard, while foes around are slain,
 Return you safe, where love and freedom reign. }

Paine. Farewell, my dear *Clorain*, my only fair,
 May Angels keep you safe from ev'ry snare,
 Adieu, my dear, I leave you in their care. }

ST. CLAIR'S *Retreat*, and BURGOYNE'S *Defeat*.

ST. CLAIR is stationed in our Northern fort,
To oppose *Burgoyne*, sent from the *British* coast,
The fortress all complete in every part,
Well fortified by nature and by art;
How firm the walls! the lines completely mann'd,
Huge cannon planted round, all parts well scann'd.
The gen'ral now his soldiers all address'd,
And like a hero thus himself express'd:
"Let martial courage in your bosoms glow,
Nor fear to face a proud invading foe;
You know our cause is just; we need not fear,
The *God* of armies will for us appear.
Fair Liberty commands; here make the stand,
Here we will die, or save our injur'd land.
You all detest the shameful name of *Slave*;
Then play the man, and rank among the brave.
My orders you will all, as one obey,
Our foes, all panic-struck will sneak away, }
Then we ————— }

But who, what troops are these just here in sight—
All clad in arms complete, prepar'd to fight?
They are Great Britain's troops—a rising storm—
They all appear of a gigantic form!

These sons of *Anak* spread all o'er the land,
 Before this mighty host we cannot stand.
 Should we fool-hardy with them now engage,
 We fall at once sure victims to their rage ;
 With sword unsheath'd they're all advancing nigh.
 Let ev'ry man prepare himself to fly :
 I now *command* you all with speed to run,
 Leave all your baggage, and not fire a gun."
 The soldiers with reluctance now obey,
 They all retreat, and *St. Clair* leads the way.
 Whether with panic struck, he took the flight,
 Or to ensnare *Burgoyne* in dismal plight,
 The muse must leave till she has further light. }
 Perhaps by impulse he foreknew the fates,
 And fled to save the whole United States :
 Whether fear or impulse govern'd in his breast,
 Kind Providence o'erruled it for the best.
Burgoyne elated, now pursues the chase,
 And threatens vengeance to the rebel race ;
 He boasts aloud, his threat'nings round he hurl'd,
 As tho' assur'd of conquering all the world.
 With hellish pride he triumphs o'er the north,
 Enumerates his titles and his worth,
 And sends his thund'ring proclamation forth. } *
 Persuasive arguments at first he us'd,
 Then blood and slaughter, if they him refus'd :
 He dipp'd his pen in oil to soothe and please ;
 Then his address began in words like these,—

* See Appendix I.

" Why will you thus desert my master's cause,
 And trample under foot his righteous laws ?
 Cease to rebel, repent, return and live,
 I've sealed pardons in my hand to give.
 Remain upon your farms, there safely stay,
 With all your horses, cattle, and your hay ;
 Nor hide your oats, your barley, or your wheat,
 Then you from me shall safe protection meet ;
 You need not fear, no one shall you annoy,
 Come and submit, I'll find you full employ ;
 I'll bore your ear unto my master's door,
 'Tis all he has in view, he wants no more.
 Submit your necks to his most easy yoke,
 So that you may avert the dreadful stroke ;
 As mediator, I do you entreat,
 With all submission fall at *George's* feet ;
 My royal master's pleasure and your good,
 Is my design, could it be understood.
 Oh ! for the eloquence of a Demosthenes,
 Could I your mind impress, or could I please,
 Could I but melt your stubborn temper down,
 To due submission to the *British* crown,
 When I have done my work, I am content
 With what I'm to receive from government.
 But if my royal master you despise,
 And 'gainst the clearest light you shut your eyes,
 If you are still determined to-rebel,
 And counteract his laws, all plann'd so well,
 Then I'm in duty bound to let you know
 What I have full authority to do ;

I come commissioned from great *George's* throne,
 To vindicate his honor and my own ;
 A great and potent army I command,
 With floods of rebel blood to drench the land :
 Thousands of *Indians* I've supply'd with knives,
 To scalp your dearest children and your wives ;
 If I but nod the savage army flies,
 And naught is heard but shrieks and female cries ;
 Believe my word, this sure will be your fate,
 You soon must feel the vengeance of *the State*.
 Let not your *Hezekiah's* you deceive,
 None of your pulpit *Orators* believe.
 In whom do you confide ? come tell,
 That ye against my master dare rebel.
 Is it on *Gallic* bands, or is it *Spain* ?
 They'll disappoint your trust, your hope is vain.
 Were they with you combin'd, they'd with you fall,
 Just like a tottering fence or bowing wall ;
 What *Britain* did last war, you know full well,
 Her banners wav'd, united powers fell.
 What armies ever could her force withstand ?
 Hath she not conquered both the sea and land ?
 What madness then to oppose a power so great,
 While weak and feeble in your infant state ?"*

Reply. Britain, 'tis true, her conquests far hath spread,
 Nations to her have bow'd and tribute paid,
 Her vict'ries she hath spread o'er the sea and land,
 Before her potent armies none could stand.

* See Appendix I.

Horror and darkness now are spread around,
 Our woes increase, and no deliverer's found.
 Great *desolation* in the north is made,
 Our strongest fort resigned, *St. Clair* is fled ;
 The poor distressed inhabitants now fly,
 And on the Providence of GOD rely ;
 The baser sort are flocking to *Burgoyne*,
 Others now tremble, lest they must resign.
 Why these despairing tho'ts ? Why all this fear ?
 Who knows but GOD will soon for us appear ?
 The night's the darkest, best observers say,
 E'en just before the dawning of the day ;
 Who knows but these our groans and female cries,
 Which sound thro' all the woods, may reach the skies ?
 Our cause is just, we dare appeal to heaven ;
 We fight for what our gracious GOD hath given.
 You threaten vengeance with your dreadful rod,
 As if you fill'd the seat and throne of GOD.
 But hark ! the sov'reign speaks, vengeance is mine,
 And now I will repay it on *Burgoyne*.
 The horrors which you have denounced of late,
 Shall fall upon your own devoted pate.
Burgoyne is rushing on in quest of blood,
 And *Indians* shout for victory thro' the wood,
 He solemnly declares, unless we yield,
 Horror and death await us in the field.
 He sends his bloody flag from house to house ;
 The mountains travail, and bring forth a mouse.
 While thus he threatens ruin to these states,
 Behold ! here comes the brave heroic GATES.

The gloom dispell'd, the light doth now appear,
 And shines thro' all the northern hemisphere ;
 Our troops collect, and marshal in array,
 Complete in arms, their banners they display.
Burgoyne now views them all in arms complete,
 Struck with a panic, orders a retreat.
 The soldiers trembling, his commands obey,
 And he, the most intrepid, leads the way ;
 Our brave commander then pursues with speed,
 Soon overtakes ; and numbers lie and bleed ;
 Our valiant troops inclose *Burgoyne* around,
 And take the best advantage of the ground.
 The *British* hero that appear'd so prompt,
 Is now inclos'd by *Yankies* in a swamp.
 The great *Burgoyne* is now overwhelm'd with grief,
 Nor has he any hope to obtain relief ;
 The rebel army he with scorn defy'd,
 Have him encompass'd round on ev'ry side.
 Alas ! how great his grief, how 'cute *his* pain !
 How great is his reproach, how great the stain !
 Surprising strange ! how singular his case !
 By rebels close confin'd in such a place.
 One thing especially that makes him mourn, }
 Great generals and lords that strut and spurn, }
 Are fond of having room enough to turn. }
 What seiz'd his soul with horror and surprise,
 He expects now soon to fall a sacrifice ;
 A sacrifice to liberty's brave sons ;
 For blood of innocence and dying groans ;

His sorrows rise ; an overwhelming flood,
Conscience accus'd, and justice cry'd for blood,
Whole rivers of such blood could ne'er atone,
For all the horrid murders he had done.
Now, thunderstruck, with these ill-boding fates,
Resigns himself and army up to *Gates*.

The first Chapter of the Lamentations of General
BURGOYNE.

GOOD heavens ! how deep I'm plung'd in woe !
None knows what I now undergo.
Britain assum'd a sovereign power,
To crush her sons while in their flower ;
One now was wanting bold and brave,
T' enforce her laws, the sons to enslave.
To get a name, to gain applause,
I readily espous'd her cause ;
I undertook amidst the throng,
To head her army right or wrong :
Britain I left, and cross'd the seas,
His majesty and *North* to please ;
I landed on *Canadia's* shore,
The land and lakes I then pass'd o'er ;
I march'd along, my banners spread,
And struck the rebels all with dread :
I soon was master of fort *Ti*——
Like sheep they all before me fly ;
My *Indians* shout, my cannon roar,
The land is stain'd with crimson gore ;
All things are pleasing, all things bright,
The rebel army dare not fight.

The sun in its meridian shone,
 I thought the day was now my own :
 To *Britain* I dispatch'd a post,
 And joy was spread thro' all their coast,
 But oh ! the change, the sudden change !
 Affairs now took a turn most strange.
 The hero *Gates* appears in sight,
 His troops all cloth'd with armor bright,
 They all as one their banners spread,
 With *Death* or *Victory* on their head.*
 A sudden panic seiz'd my breast ;
 Now to retreat I thought was best,
 I gave the word and led the way,
 My orders all as one obey.
 In this precipitate retreat,
 Our whole dependence was our *feet*.
 Like *Tories* they have us deceiv'd,
 Oh ! that we'd never them believ'd.
 While running thro' a swampy ground,
 The rebel army us surround :
 O horrid place ! Oh dreadful gloom !
 I mourn for want of *elbow-room*.
 My tawny soldiers from me fled,
 Have now return'd to scalp my head.
 I hear them whoop, I hear them yell,
 I'm at the very gates of *hell*.

* General *Gates*' soldiers wore this badge in capitals on their hats : *Death* or *Victory*.

O horror this ! unhappy wretch !
 They've took an unexpected *stretch* :
 I'm here confin'd, and naught to eat,
 They've robb'd me of my bread and meat.
 Water, I thought, was always free,
 But that is now deny'd to me.
 O that my royal master knew,
 How I am treated by this crew,
 He, lion-like, of whelps bereav'd,
 Would see us instantly reliev'd—
 No, the attempt would all be vain,
 They fight like devils, not like men.
 But who would ever have believ'd
 That I could thus have been deceiv'd ?
 I thought five thousand men, or less,
 Thro' all these states might safely pass,
 March boldly on one steady course,
 The states all trembling at our force :
 My error now I see too late,
 Here I'm confin'd within this state.
 Yes, in this little spot of ground,
 Inclos'd by *Yankies* all around.
 With this five thousand—yes with ten,
 And these *Great Britain's* chosen men,
 In *Europe* let it ne'er be known,
 Nor publish it in *Askelon*,
 Lest the uncircumcised rejoice,
 And distant nations join their voice.
 What will my friends in *Britain* say ?
 I wrote them I had gain'd the day,

'I made them both rejoice and sing,
 But now they'll strike a mournful string.
 Three things now strike me with surprise :
 First, I believ'd the *Tories'* lies ;
 What also brought me to this plight,
 I thought the *Yankies* would not fight.
 Thirdly, I'm most asham'd to say,
 I fled so fast, I miss'd my way.
 How strange that I should take this route,
 Where I'm so swamp'd and hemm'd about,
 The De'il himself could ne'er get out.
 Alas ! I'm overborne with grief !
 There's none appears for my relief !
 Where are my titles and my fame ?
 I've lost my honor and my name.
 At *Bennington Stark* gave the wound, }
 Which like a gangrene spread around, }
 O'er *Saratoga's* cursed ground.
 Heart-sickness seiz'd the camp so fast,
 All courage fail'd ; and then at last
Arnold and *Lincoln* gave the blow
 That prov'd our final overthrow.
Arnold with wings our lines flew o'er,
 The like I never saw before ;
 He threaten'd death to every one
 That dar'd to fire another gun.
 The *Hessians* thunderstruck, turn pale,
 The stupid asses' hearts now fail ;
 Thus seiz'd with trembling and dismay,
 Their new commander they obey ;

The panic spread from breast to breast,
 And I was struck among the rest.
 Language now fails—it can't express
 Th' amazing horror and distress.
 Cannon-like claps of thunder roar,
 Their balls like hail upon us pour ;
 Flashes of fire around us blaze ;
 The sun now lost his feebler rays :
 Volumes of smoke o'ercloud the skies,
 And scenes of blood salute our eyes.
 The gloom of death around us waits,
 And all the vengeance of the states :
 I must submit or die—but how ?
 To these despised *Yankies* bow ?—
 I wish I never had been born :
 If I submit, I'm laugh'd to scorn ;
 If I refuse, I know my doom,
 Among the living I've no room.
 The blood of innocence I've shed ;
 This fills-my guilty soul with dread.
 My brethren's blood against me cries,
 And calls for vengeance from the skies ;
 Cain's crime was great, but not so bad.
 The blood of only *one* he shed ;
 But I have laid a country waste,
 And human nature have disgrac'd :
 I've slain each sex of ev'ry age,
 And slaughter'd victims to my rage.
 One Demon only tempted, Cain,
 Legion, and more within me reign.

Horror and death do me surprise,
 A shower of lead around me flies.
 In *Saul*, when guilt and fear arise,
 Away to *Endor* straight he goes,
 He prays the witch, tho' most unjust,
 To raise up *Samuel* from the dust,
 That he might tell what would be best
 For him to do while thus distress'd ;
 But I'm confin'd, and cannot go
 To *Endor*, there to tell my woe ;
 I'm here pent up to grieve and mourn,
 I scarce have room enough to turn.
 O that that prophet would arise,
 My priests have told me naught but lies.
 What shall I say ?—What shall I do ?
 " My council, now I turn to you."
 A council now of war is held ;
 They all as one agree to yield,
 Their colors strike, to *Gates* they bow,
 Lay down their arms, and off they go.

* * * * *

As they begin to march, as soon
 The conquerors all agree
 To sound the *Yankee-doodle* tune
 Upon the highest key.
 Musicians all of various kinds
 With utmost skill now play,
 To raise the pris'ners' drooping minds,
 And *Demons* drive away.

Such charms of music ne'er before
Were heard within our land,
But all their skill they now give o'er
For want of *David's* hand.

The Fall of BURGOYNE.

IS this *Burgoyne*, *Burgoyne* the great,
Who fill'd our land with woe,
And threaten'd vengeance from the state,
Is he now fell so low ?

2. Is't he that made the earth to tremble,
That was so great a curse,
That doth great *Babel's* king resemble,
Is he now weak like us ?
3. To *Indians* he gives stretch no more,
Nor them supplies with knives
To stain our land with crimson gore,
With them to scalp our wives.
4. His threat'ning proclamation's stopp'd,
He's now o'erspread with gloom,
The wings with which he flew are cropp'd,
He has no *elbow-room*.
5. His titles he proclaims no more,
No more his triumphs spread,
His thund'ring cannon cease to roar,
And all his joys are fled.
6. Where is his great and mighty host,
That huge *gigantic* race,
The sons of *Anak*, *Britain's* boast ?
They're pris'ners in disgrace.

7. Pris'ners to rebels, *Yankies* too,
O mortifying stroke !
They caught *Burgoyne* with all his crew,
Britons now wear the yoke.
8. Great WASHINGTON, that man of might,
Hath laid a snare for *Howe*,
Unless with speed he takes his flight,
He to the yoke must bow.

The vanity of trusting in an Arm of Flesh.

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself, as he that putteth it off." 1 Kings xx. 11.

WHEN the commanders of an host
Lift up their heads with pride and boast;
When they to strength of horses fly,
And on an arm of flesh rely,
They find the strength of horses vain,
Nor trust to be repos'd in men.
When *Syria's* leader, rais'd with pride,
Jehovah, Israel's God defy'd,
And aim'd to crush his chosen race,
And dar'd affront him to his face,
God heard the proud Sennach'rib boast,
Went forth and smote his numerous host.
Another instance we may see,
Of equal pride and vanity :
How soon it's humbled to the dust,
By one who made the Lord his trust,
Philistia's chief, the man of might,
Who from his youth was taught to fight,
Being cloth'd with armor all complete,
E'en from his head down to his feet,

Before the host of Isra'l stood,
 And there blasphem'd the name of God ;
 His chosen tribes he now disdain'd,
 And all things sacred he profan'd,
David, an unexperienc'd youth,
 Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the truth,
 Who put his trust in God alone,
 Went only with his sling and stone,
 And fell'd the impious monster down. }
 There lies the great *Goliath* dead,
 His numerous host all trembling, fled ;
 The God of might his power maintains,
 And o'er the host of men he reigns ;
 He smites the proud, he breaks their bands,
 The men of might ne'er find their hands.

The tragical death of Miss JANE M'CREE, who was scalped and inhumanly butchered by a scouting party of BURGOYNE'S army, on his way towards Albany.

AS I was passing thro' a certain wood,
I heard a doleful noise ; surpris'd I stood—
I lent a list'ning ear—but O, what moans !
The woods all rang with shrieks and dying groans.
Upon a rising ground I cast my eye,
And saw a scouting party passing by,
Some *British* troops, combin'd with *Indian* bands,
With swords, with knives and tom'hawks in their hands.
They gave a shout and pass'd along the wood
Like beasts of prey, in quest of human blood.
I mov'd along where I had heard the cries,
And lo ! a bloody scene salutes my eyes ;—
Here lies an aged man, roll'd in his gore,
And from his hoary head his scalp is tore—
There lies a woman dead, all gash'd her face,
A sucking babe just dropp'd from her embrace—
There lies the slaughter'd infant on a clod,
Its head all bruis'd, and face besmear'd with blood.
As I advanc'd along, before me lay,
A lady richly dress'd, her name *M'Cree* ;

Stretch'd on the ground, and struggling there with death,
 She cannot live, she must resign her breath.
 The cursed *Indian* knife, the cruel blade,
 Had cut her scalp, they'd tore it from her head ;
 The blood is gushing forth from all her veins,
 With bitter groans and sighs she tells her pains.
 Is this that blooming fair ? is this *M'Crea* ?
 This was appointed for her nuptial day.
 Instead of smiles and a most brilliant bride,
 Her face besmear'd with blood, her raiment dyed ;
 Instead of pleasure and transporting joys,
 There's naught but dying groans and bitter sighs :
 For overwhelm'd with grief, alas ! I faint ;
 It is too much for language e'er to paint.
 Would heav'n admit of tears, her rev'rend sire*
 Would now look down and o'er her drop a tear ;
 A flood of tears down from his eyes would flow
 O'er his dear child, touched with her fatal woe.
 Methinks he now attempts to speak—too full,
 With sighs he tells the anguish of his soul.

* * * *

In broken accents now I hear him say,
 Is this the plant I rais'd ! is this *M'Crea* !
 Is this my *Jenny* roll'd in blood I see,
 Whom I caress'd and dandled on my knee !
 If e'er she was in pain, I felt the smart,
 If but her finger ach'd, it pain'd my heart ;

* The REV. MR. M'CREA of New Jersey. Appendix II.

But now she's mangled with the *Indian* knife,
 With groans and sighs she's breathing out her life.
 Oh, cruel savages ! what hearts of steel !
 O cruel *Britons* ! who no pity feel !
 Where did they get the knife, the cruel blade ? .
 From *Britain* it was sent, where it was made.
 The tom'hawk and the murdering knife were sent
 To barb'rous savages for this intent.
 Yes, they were sent, e'en from the *British throne*.
 Is this for acts of duty I have done ?
 How oft have I address'd the throne of Grace
 For *Britain's* king and all his rising race !
 How oft with tears, that God would be their friend,
 That peace and happiness might them attend !
 No fiction this, the muse hath seen him stand,
 With eyes erect, and with uplifted hands
 Within the sacred desk ; she's heard him plead
 For *Britain's* king and all the royal seed ;
 How oft, with earnest cries and flowing tears,
 For blessings on the king and all his heirs.

An answer for the Messengers of the Nation.

ISAIAH xiv. 32. What shall one then answer the Messengers of the Nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it.

WHEN Messengers come from a foreign land,
With peaceful branch of olive in their hand,
If heart and hand unite, if both agree,
From ill designs and all suspicion free,
We'll then receive them in the arms of love ;
They are not *men*, but *angels* from above :
Blessings like show'rs will on their souls descend ;
They're blessed in life, and blessed in their end ;
Peace like a river ne'er will cease to flow
Thro' all their souls, while strangers here below,
When they have done their work of peace and love,
They'll then arise to mansions far above.
Whate'er these heavenly messengers request,
We'll surely grant to them, for it is best.
What terms of peace they offer we'll receive,
Such beings can't oppress, they will relieve ;
They'll hush the war to peace, they'll heal debates,
And then declare us independent States.
Our burdens they'll remove, our wrongs redress,
Such characters as these can do no less.

But if a diff'rent character they bear,
 And from the British court are come t' ensnare,
 If they'd the yoke of bondage take away,
 Lay it aside until a future day,
 When time and season serve, they best will know,
 Then send their plagues with a redoubled woe.
 If they have in view, we'll tell them then,
 They are not angels, but designing men.
 A fuller answer in my text is given,
 It must be just, as it was sent from heaven.
 The Lord hath founded *Zion*, God the just,
 In him his poor may safely put their trust.
 Tyrants may rage, their thund'ring cannon roar,
Howes and *Burgoynes* may land upon our shore,
 There boast aloud, and tell their titles o'er ;
 We fear them not, nor their oppressive laws,
 While *Zion's* God maintains our righteous cause.
 Oppression drove our fathers to this land,
 They all were guided by *Jehovah's* hand :
 Unto these pious souls, these heirs of heaven,
 Two eagle's wings now from on high were given ;
 They put their trust in *GOD*, on him depend,
 Then spread their wings and flew before the wind.
 The woman fled into this wilderness,
 Where she might serve the Lord, free from distress.
 From savage rage, and the wild beasts of prey,
 The Lord protected them both night and day ;
 With great fatigue, with their industrious hand,
 They drain'd the marshes, and clear'd up the land.

The wilderness became a fruitful field,
 Which did to them a thousand blessings yield ;
 Like to a tree their branches spread abroad,
 They liv'd in plenty, and enjoy'd their God.
 The woman here was nourish'd, and her seed,
 From age to age, as heav'n had decreed ;
 The great red Dragon, with despotic pow'r,
 Sends forth a flood, the woman to devour ;
 The dirty waters here join with the flood,
 T' increase its force against the church of God.
 How vain for floods of wicked men to join
 T' enslave the church, or to destroy this vine.
Here it was planted by JEHOVAH's hand,
 'Tis guarded from on high, and it must stand.
 The Nation's Messengers we then may tell,
 To walk about this *Zion*, and look well,
 View all her mighty bulwarks, count her tow'rs,
 And then return, and tell the *British* pow'rs ;
 Let them return, and tell the bloody *British* court,
 The LORD hath founded *Zion*, and will her support.

Let not my theme by any be abus'd,
 Tho' *Zion's* founded, means must yet be us'd.
 When foes with spears rush on us like a flood,
*Curs'd be the man who keeps his sword from blood.**
 When wonders great for *Zion* have been done,
 God and his people went to war as one.
Gideon went forth against a mighty host,
 Three hundred men were all that he could boast ;

* Jer. xlviii. 10.

Before these few the *Midianites* now fall.
 It was one sword alone that did it all,
 E'en by the sword of God and *Gideon*.
 What great exploits were done by Israel's King,
 How we hear this hero vict'ry sing.
 Where did he learn this skill, or whence this might ?
 The *God* of armies taught his hands to fight.
 When *Zion's* foes against her did conspire,
 Hail-stones from heaven were sent, and flames of fire.
 To crush her foes and maintain her cause,
 The *God* of nature alters nature's laws ;
 The sun and moon are stopp'd, they cease to run,
 'Till *Joshua's* work is o'er, his work is done.
 Joshua the hero, and the man of God,
 Rais'd up his eye, his mandate sent abroad.
Thou sun, bright lamp of day, thou moon, stand still,
 Nor dare advance to yonder Western hill,
 'Till I have crush'd my foes and done *JEHOVAH's* will.
 But why need we go back to ancient dates,
 While wonders great are done within these States !
JEHOVAH's power, his all-wise providence,
 Hath been engag'd for us in our defence.
 Let's eye that Providence, adore the hand,
 That rais'd for us a *Joshua* in our land.
 O what a blessing to the States ! it is our bliss,
 Great *WASHINGTON* was rais'd for such a day as this.
 How good, how kind is most indulgent heav'n,
 That such a leader to our army's giv'n !
 What great exploits he and his troops have done !
 How bravely they have fought, what vict'ries won.

It was the LORD that did their breasts inspire
 With thirst for liberty and martial fire,
 'Twas he their operations plann'd so well,
 And fought for them, e'en when ten thousand fell.
 When these affairs are view'd and duly scann'd,
 He's blind that does not see JEHOVAH's hand.
 See Washington thro' *Jersey State* retreat,
 His foes rejoice—they thought that he was beat;
Howe him pursues with speed, he presses on,
 He thought the day his own, the vict'ry won.
 The *secret* friends of *George* their off'rings bring,
 They boldly raise their head, and own their King :
 A gloom is spread around, alas ! what grief,
 We know not where to go to find relief.
 A storm of snow and hail the LORD sent down;
 A blessed season this for *Washington* :
 He now return'd, and thro' the storm he press'd,
 And caught twelve hundred *Hessians* in their nest.
 Our hero pitch'd his tents near *Trenton* bridge,
Howe gather'd all his troops upon a ridge,
 Not far from where his little army lay,
 - Impatient waits his vengeance to display,
 Determin'd, when the shades of night were o'er,
 Great *Washington* should fall and be no more.
 But he with skill consummate did retire,
 Soon made the foe at *Princeton* feel his ire, }
 Leaving the valiant *Howe* to fight the fire.* }

* General WASHINGTON ordered a number of fires to be made, and kept burning till towards day. In the middle of the night he

Now let us view the northern hemisphere,
 And see the footsteps of JEHOVAH there.
 We'll first survey the dark side of the cloud,
 Where scenes of woe in thick succession crowd ;
 The cruel savage tribes in union join,
 And with the *British* army all combine ;
 They soon are in possession of fort *Ti* ———
 Our troops retreat, and with the country fly :
 An heart of stone must bleed to hear the cries,
 While numbers fall a bloody sacrifice
 To *Britain's* cruel sons and savage rage,
 As naught but blood their fury would assuage.
 A dark and dismal gloom around us spread,
 And joy and gladness from our souls were fled ;
 We thought our country lost, our freedom gone,
 And these United States were all undone.
 The great *BURGOYNE's* most formidable host
 Now march along, and as they march they boast,
 They boldly rush along, they rage and roar,
 Like swelling waves that dash against the shore.
 Now is the time for *Zion's* God t' appear,
 His people's groans and cries have reach'd his ear :
 The Lord for them hath laid a secret snare ;
 They'll not escape, but be entangl'd there.

made a forced march to PRINCETON, where he attacked and took
 two regiments stationed there. In the morning HOWE was pre-
 paring to attack WASHINGTON, much elated with expectations of
 crushing him, sent out his spies to make discoveries ; but to his
 great surprise, was soon informed where WASHINGTON was, by
 hearing the heavy cannonade at PRINCETON.

Great Gen'ral *Gates* appears, inspir'd from heaven,
 Wisdom and fortitude to him are given.
 Our soldiers all collect from east to west,
 With martial ardor glowing in their breast ;
 They stop the great *Burgoyne* in his career,
 Him they surround, his feet are in the snare,
 With forc'd submission now he bows to *Gates*,
 He and his hosts made pris'ners to these States.
 Thick clouds of darkness that our heads hung o'er
 Have vanish'd suddenly, and seen no more ;
 The rays of light break forth, how clear the skies,
 Our gloom is scatter'd, and our hopes arise.
 May love and gratitude inspire our breast,
 Praise God for these, and trust him for the rest.
 These gracious smiles are to prepare the way,
 For greater things, for a more glorious day ;
 This horrid bloody scene, ere long will end,
 And richer blessings from on high descend.
 What's been a snare to us, what's prov'd our fate,
 We've been too long corrupted with the great.
 The *British* king and his most vicious court,
 Practise all kinds of vice, and them support :
 Most nat'rally these painted vices flow
 From higher ranks to those that are below ;
 How rapidly they've flown down from the great,
 In silver streams, and poison'd every state.
 [Jehovah] reigns above, and rules below,
 [He dries our tears,] and they shall cease to flow ;
 [And blessings pour on] those where virtue reigns,
 [The yoke of tyrants] broke, and all their chains ;

Vice [put to flight] hides its malignant head,
 [And plotting foes] no more in corners hid ;
 Peace like a river flows thro' all the land,
 [No Tyrant moves] his tongue or lifts his hand ;
 [Our liberty] extends both far and wide,
 [Our borders] lengthen out on every side ;
 States [in successive] growing numbers rise,
 The greatest empire this below the skies.
 In gloomy deserts our most distant land,
 Large cities shall be built and churches stand ;
 There Zion's sons commission'd from above,
 Shall spread the news of their Redeemer's love.
 Where wolves now range, and other beasts of prey,
 Where Indian tribes more savage are than they ;
 Where now the war-whoop sounds they bow prostrate,
 [Shall worship at the] King of Zion's gate ;
 [Where stand the oak, the beech and the tall] pine,
 [There shall be cornfields and the fruitful vine ;]
 [Where marshes abound and the wild flag] grows,
 [There shall be the lily and the] blushing rose ;
 The most delicious fruits shall ripen there,
 The peach, the plum, the apple and the pear.
 Trade unconfined extensively shall grow,
 And riches here from every nation flow.
 Our naval force how great ! our fleets abound,
 Our flocks and herds spread o'er the land around ;
 Here every sort of fruit springs up and grows,
 And all the *land with milk and honey flows.*

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I

From the Providence Gazette, of Aug. 16th, 1777.

[The following Address from Gen. Burgoyne, to the *Tories and timid Whigs*, was last week received from Rhode Island, and is here inserted, (Connecticut Journal, Aug. 27th, 1777,) lest they should suspect that any Matter is suppressed which they might suppose tended to their political Salvation. As this Performance is written in the true Rhodomontade and bombastic Stile of a Don Quixote, and absolutely contains almost as many Falsehoods as Assertions, it is judged unnecessary for the present to make any Remarks thereon: It may however not be improper to observe, (from authentic Intelligence received) that since this curious Address made its appearance, Burgoyne's motley Troops (composed of black and white Savages) have actually *butchered* and *scalped* a considerable Number of *those very Tories* to whom he had promised *Protection*, and whose "Undertakings" he had plighted his Faith to *assist and encourage*.]

By JOHN BURGOYNE, *Esquire, &c. &c.*,
Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces in America, Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Light Dragoons, Governor of Fort William in

North Britain, one of the Representatives of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament, ["Author of a celebrated Tragi-Comedy, called the Blockade of Boston,"] and commanding an Army and Fleet in an Expedition from Canada, &c. &c. &c.

The forces entrusted to my command are designed to act in concert, and upon a common principle, with the *numerous* armies and fleets, which already display in every quarter of America, the power, the *justice*, and, when properly sought, the *mercy* of the king; the cause in which the British arms are thus exerted, appeals to the most affecting interest of the human heart, and the military servants of the crown, at first called forth for the sole purpose of *restoring* the rights of the constitution, now combine with the love of their country, and duty to their sovereign, the other extensive incitements, which spring from a due sense of the general privileges of mankind. To the eyes and ears of the temperate part of the public, and to the breasts of suffering thousands in the provinces be the melancholy appeal—Whether the present unnatural rebellion has not been made the foundation of the completest system of tyranny that ever God, in his displeasure, suffered for a time to be exercised

over a froward and stubborn generation : Arbitrary imprisonments, confiscation of property, persecution and *torture*, unprecedented in the inquisitions of the Romish church, are among the palpable enormities that verify the affirmative : These are inflicted by assemblies and committees, who dare to profess themselves friends to liberty, upon the most *quiet* subject, without distinction of age or sex, for the sole crime, often from the sole suspicion of having adhered in principle to the government under which they were born, and to which, *by every tie divine and human*, they owe allegiance. To consummate these shocking proceedings, the profanation of religion is added to the most profligate prostitution of common reason ! The consciences of men are set at naught, and multitudes are compelled not only to bear arms, but also to swear subjection to an usurpation they abhor. Animated by these considerations, at the head of troops in the full powers of health, discipline and valor, determined to strike where necessary, and anxious to save where possible, I, by these presents, invite and exhort all persons in all places where the progress of this army may point, and by the blessing of God I will extend it far, to maintain such a conduct as may justify me in *protecting* their lands, habitations, and families. The intention of this address is to

hold forth *security*, not depredation, to the country; to those whose spirit and principle may induce them to partake in the *glorious* task of redeeming their countrymen from dungeons, and re-establishing the *blessings* of legal government, I offer encouragement and employment, and upon the first intelligence of their association, I will find means to assist their undertakings. The domestic, the industrious, the infirm, and even the timid inhabitants, I am desirous to protect, provided they remain quietly at their houses, that they do not suffer their cattle to be removed, or their corn or forage to be secreted or destroyed: that they do not break up their bridges or roads, or by any other acts, directly or indirectly, endeavor to obstruct the operations of the king's troops, or supply or assist those of the enemy. Every species of provision brought to my camp, will be paid for at an equitable rate, in solid coin.—In consciousness of *Christianity*, my royal master's *clemency*, and the honor of soldiership, I have dwelt upon this invitation, and wished for more persuasive terms to give it impression; and let not people be led to disregard it by considering the immediate situation of my camp; I have but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain and

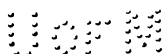
America ; I consider them the same wherever they lurk :—If notwithstanding these endeavors and sincere inclination to assist them, the phrenzy of hostility should remain, I trust I shall stand acquitted in the eyes of God and men in denouncing and executing the vengeance of the state against the wilful outcast.—The messengers of justice and of wrath await them in the field, and devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror, that a reluctant but indispensable prosecution of military duty must occasion, will bar the way to their return.

J. BURGOYNE.

Camp at the river Bongrett ; June 23rd, 1777.

By order of his Excellency, the Lieutenant-General.

ROBERT KINGSTON,
Secretary.



APPENDIX II.

THIS Appendix is added to illustrate the history and tragical death of Miss Jane M'Crea.

The following letter of Asa Fitch, M.D., was published in the Quarterly Proceedings of the Historical Society of New Jersey, fifth volume, page 164, and may cast light on the history and death of that ill-fated maiden, and is copied with the consent of the editor of that work.

SALEM, New York, Feb. 18, 1851.

SIR,—

Your Note informing me of my election as an honorary member of the New Jersey Historical Society, together with the Society's constitution and circular, and more recently the diploma of membership, have been duly received. I feel that something more than a mere expression of my grateful acknowledgments is due to the Society for this mark of respect—and have thought that some particulars which I have gathered with regard to one of the former clergymen of New Jersey, and his children, would be as acceptable as anything I am at present prepared to communicate.

Yours truly,
Asa Fitch

In Prof. Hodge's History of the Presbyterian church, vol. i. p. 227, Note—the name of the Rev. James M'Crea occurs as a minister received into the Presbyterian church in the year 1739, and settled at "Lamberton," in New Jersey.

The family of this divine, I am informed, was originally from the highlands of Scotland, and had been settled during some generations in North Ireland. From thence James M'Crea, contrary to the wishes of his parents, came to this country, when 17 years of age. His classical education, which had been commenced in Ireland, was here completed, and he studied theology under the Rev. William Tenant, Sen. He was settled in the ministry at "*Lansington*" (as the name is written in a manuscript before me), where he married Mary Graham, a native of that place, of Scotch descent. By that marriage he had five sons and two daughters. He died in the year 1769.

His eldest son, John M'Crea became a resident of Albany, N. Y., about the year 1760, where it is probable he studied and commenced the practice of law, and where he married his first wife. Two of his other sons, James and Samuel, a few years afterwards, came to that vicinity, also, and located at Ballston, N. Y., where they continued to reside, and where they died. They were among the first settlers of Ballston. Upon their

newly cleared lands there, fine crops of wheat were readily grown ; but there was no mill for grinding it within thirty miles of them, and for a time, most of their bread was made by boiling their grain until it was sufficiently soft to be kneaded and moulded into cakes for baking.

The two remaining sons, Dr. Stephen and William, resided and died in the city of New York. Stephen, (as appears from the correspondence of the New York Provincial Congress, p. 62,) had just completed his medical education as the Revolutionary War was commencing, and entered the American service, receiving the appointment of surgeon in one of the New York regiments that was then raised for the expedition to Canada.

Of one of the daughters I have no information. The other, Jane M'Crea, upon the death of her father, came to reside with her brother John, in Albany. Soon after this, John removed from Albany with his family and sister to the present town of Northumberland, in Saratoga county, his residence being upon the west side of the Hudson river, directly opposite the mouth of the Moseskill, and five miles south of Fort Edward. In 1773, the courts in the newly-erected county of Charlotte (now Washington) commenced their sessions, that able jurist and legislator, William Duer, and Philip Schuyler, afterward Major-Gen-

1773

eral, being the presiding judges. In these courts John M'Crea is shown by the records to have been a leading attorney and counsellor. Early in 1775, when our country commenced girding itself for its arduous struggle for independence, Messrs. Schuyler and M'Crea were placed at the head of the Committee of Safety for Saratoga district, and a few months afterwards, when the militia was organized, the latter was chosen colonel of the Saratoga regiment. During that memorable contest into which he thus early and zealously entered, it was his destiny to experience trials and losses that were truly severe. The community where he resided was much divided in sentiment upon the subject of the war. Above him on the river, just below Fort Edward, resided the Widow Jones, who also came hither from New Jersey, with a number of sons, now grown to manhood. Between one of these, David Jones, and Jane M'Crea, an intimacy was subsisting, which probably made it the earnest desire of Col. M'Crea to attach his family to the American cause; for, according to traditionary reports, it was through his influence that Jonathan Jones was ere long elected an additional member of the Committee of Safety, and that David Jones was chosen a lieutenant in the militia. Neither of these, however, accepted these stations, and the following

year they took the decided step of going over to Canada and enlisting in the British service. Jonathan received a captain's commission, and David that of lieutenant. In this capacity they accompanied the army of Burgoyne the next year, when it invaded this section of the state. And when by the evacuation of Ticonderoga, it was rendered certain that the hostile force would penetrate the country, at least to Fort Edward, Miss M'Crea left her brother's house, and became domiciled at Mrs. Jones'. From hence the efforts of her brothers, John and Samuel, amounting in one instance almost to personal violence, failed to withdraw her. At length the royal army advanced to within five miles of Fort Edward—the Whig families had all removed from the neighborhood—and on the morning of Sunday, July 27th, clothed in a dress so nice that it attracted the particular notice of the ferryman who set her over the river, Miss M'Crea passed from Mrs. Jones' to Mrs. Campbell's above the Fort, in which a small body of American troops remained.

Her tragic end a few hours afterwards, as she was being conducted from Mrs. Campbell's to the British camp, by a party of Indians, is well known. Various as the story has been told, and much as the truth of portions of it have been called in question, the facts that I have been able

to gather, clearly indicate that the original accounts of this transaction, were more correct than most of those that have since appeared.

The surrender of Burgoyne so dispirited some of the royalists around Fort Edward, that they disposed of their possessions, and removed to Canada. A number of them accompanied the force of Carlton, in 1780, October 10th and 11th he made his descent upon, and captured Fort Ann and Fort George. Upon the intervening night occurred "the Great Burning," as it is locally designated. Parties guided by these Tory refugees, who were well acquainted with the neighborhood, sallied from the enemies' camp, fired the houses and barns of every Whig in the town of Kingsbury, and along the west side of the Hudson, as far down as Fort Miller—the inhabitants getting the alarm merely in time to escape. Upon this appalling night, Col. M'Crea was absent, upon a visit to Albany, whither he had taken two of his three children—their mother having recently died. With his buildings in ashes, and his cattle slaughtered in their yards, he was constrained to abandon a neighborhood where he had suffered so much, for a place of greater security, and he now became a resident of Salem, Washington county. He was here immediately appointed Clerk of the County, which

office he continued to hold until 1797. In 1806, he removed hence to Lisbon, in St. Lawrence county, where he died.

Most of the facts in the preceding statement, when not otherwise indicated, have been derived from the verbal recitals of a black woman named Dinah, who died in Salem a few years since, who was originally a slave of Lord Stirling's, afterwards of Judge Duer, and was the property of Col. M'Crea during the Revolutionary War, and from a letter from the Hon. James M'Crea (son of Col. John) of Ballston.

I forward herewith a few pamphlets, and when my Historical and Agricultural survey of Washington county, N. Y., which I am now engaged in completing, is through the press, shall with pleasure transmit a copy to the Society.

Very respectfully, yours,

ASA FITCH.

WM. A. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Cor. }
 Sec. N. J. Hist. Society, }

To illustrate the tragical death of Jane M'Crea still further, some extracts are added to the preceding history of her family, from an account of "BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN," published by CHARLES NEILSON, Esq., of *Bemis Heights, Stillwater, Saratoga County, N. Y.* This book is worthy of an attentive perusal.

Page 64 and onward the writer states :—

“ Among the numerous acts of savage cruelties committed by the Indians, was the tragical death of Miss Jane M'Crea, an event which drew tears from every eye, and might furnish, if not too horrible, an affecting subject for the painter or the dramatist; and which contributed soon after in a powerful degree, to excite the mass of the Americans to rise against the British army. The following account, received through the politeness of Mr. William T. Baker, of Sandy Hill, corresponds in all the essential particulars with the other repeated accounts given to me by my much respected parents, who were familiarly acquainted with Miss M'Crea, and who received their information from those who were eye-witnesses to the scene. I have obtained from Caleb Baker, Esq., a resident of the village of Sandy Hill, who was born where he now resides, five years before the Revolution (in April, 1771) a minute and authentic relation of this Indian scene, with many of the attending circumstances. Mr. C. Baker was not an eye-witness of 'the catastrophe,' for he was then a lad of six years of age, and was at the time at Stillwater, to which place his father, Albert Baker, Esq., had removed his family, on the 12th July, 1777, soon after the evacuation of Ticonderoga by the American army under Gen-

eral St. Clair, and on the 15th of the same month, he returned to his house at Sandy Hill (leaving his family at Stillwater), which stood at the southern extremity of the present village, just two miles north of Fort Edward, and remained there till the 26th July, the day previous to Jane's murder, and fled to Fort Edward with the retreating fragments of scouts and detachments from the feeble garrison from that place, then in plain view of the scene, he saw Jane shot from her horse by the Indians. On that day no one dared venture from the fort, but at early dawn of the morning of the 28th Mr. A. Baker, in company with a file of men from the fort, went in search of the body of Jane, and found it naked and mutilated, within about 20 rods of the spot where they had seen her fall the day before, together with the body of an American officer, both stripped and scalped, and rolled down the declivity of the hill, against a large pine-tree which had fallen longitudinally along the slope of the ravine, and partially covered with brush. They were borne immediately to the fort, which the Americans evacuated that morning, and a small detachment preceded the retreating Americans, with the two bodies, to the right bank of a small creek, about three miles below Fort Edward, in time to bury them in a rude and hasty grave, be-

fore the main body came up. Mr. Baker accompanied the retreating Americans to Stillwater, and then related to his family and friends, among the number of whom were the author's parents, the melancholy fate of poor Jane, and all he had seen and done. This relation has been a thousand times repeated by Mr. Baker (and perhaps as often by the author's parents), whose memory is like a book, and as faithful and true as the record.

“Miss M'Crea's name is inscribed on the west side of the pine-tree before-mentioned, with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely and tragical fate of youth and loveliness, and dropping a silent tear in token of the inward workings of a sensitive mind.”

THE AMERICAN HERO.

A Sapphic Ode. By NAT. NILES, A. M.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in
crimson,

Sounding with death-groans ?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors ;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings ;
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him, all his ways are perfect ;
Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals
Struck blind by lustre !

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder ;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kind-
ness,

Infinite kindness !

O then exult, that God forever reigneth !
Clouds, which around him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his Name, and
Shout louder praises !

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for :
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

Now, *Mars*, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the
cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot, like a storm of hail-stones,
Torturing *Æther* !

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking like *Ætna* through the smoky columns,
Low'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the British lions ;
Dauntless as death stares, nimble as the whirlwind,
Dreadful as demons !

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature ;
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of ven-
geance,

Bear down to battle !

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and
people,

Quick to destruction !

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow ;
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee !

Fame and dear freedom *lure* me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's
To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with ;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

NORWICH (Connecticut), Oct. 1775.

NOTE.—The poet seems to have had in view the following atrocities of British agents, which had recently been perpetrated.

“During the battle on Breed’s-hill, June 18, 1775, by the orders of General Gage the town of Charlestown was laid in ashes, by which 2,000 people in a moment were deprived of their habitations, furniture, and other necessities, and property amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling, perished in the flames!”

To gratify personal malice and revenge, “On the 19th Oct. 1775, Capt. Mowat, commander of a sloop-of-war, under the orders of Admiral Graves, proceeded to burn the town of Falmouth (now Portland), Maine, destroying all the public buildings but one, and one hundred and thirty dwellings, and a great number of out-buildings. By this wanton and malicious act of revenge, about one hundred and sixty families were driven at a late period of the year, to find an asylum, as they could, from the severities of the approaching Winter!”—PRES. DWIGHT’S TRAVELS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE END.

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JUN 29 1912
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